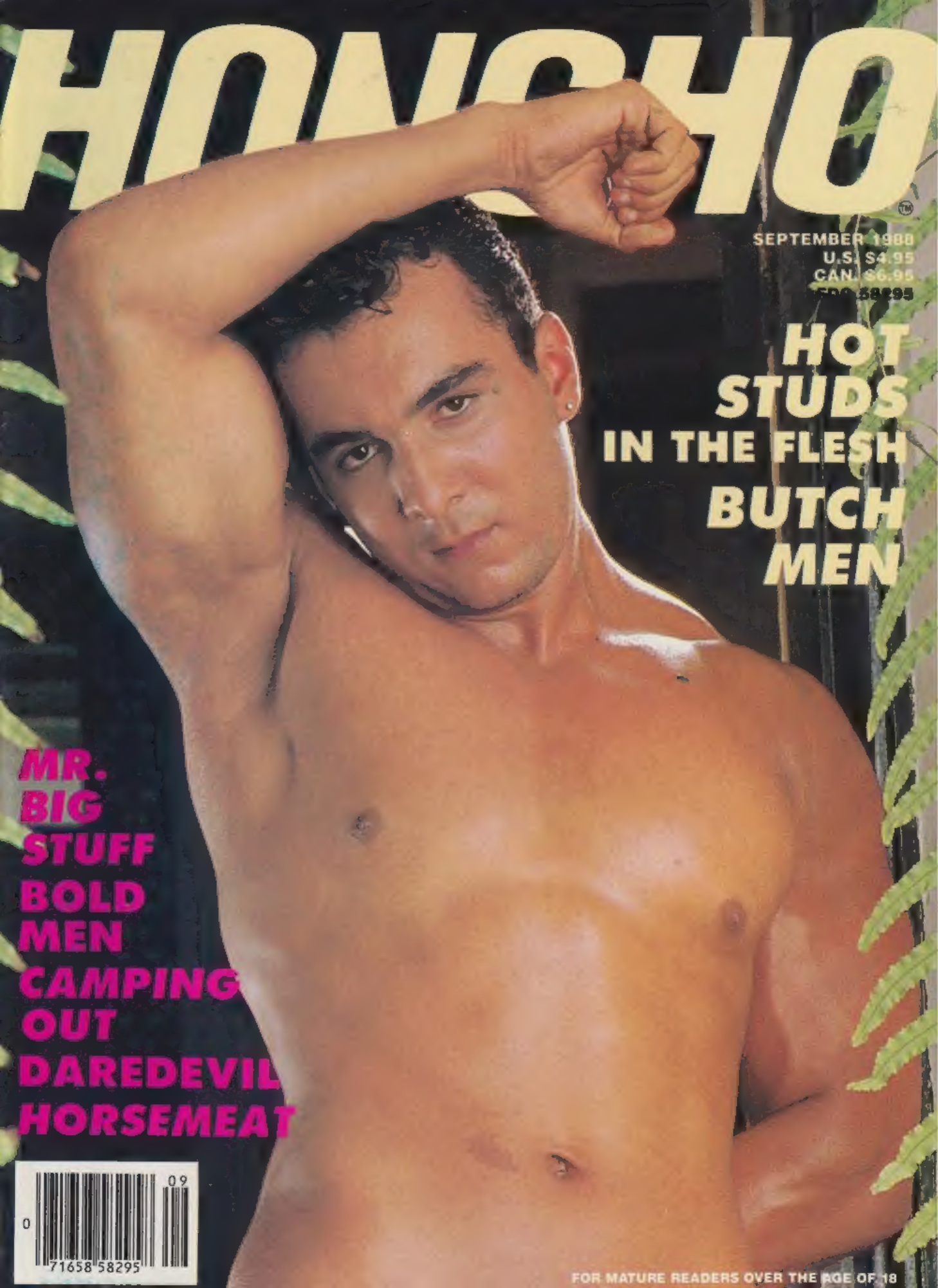
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THE COUNTY FAIR

BY DEREK ADAMS

It was a hell of a day to go anywhere, especially out to the fairgrounds. The sun beat down relentlessly, and the humidity was so bad that even breathing seemed like a full-time effort. My friend Bill had been insistent, however, so here we were, walking around the exhibits at the livestock arena, sweating like pigs as the dust settled on us like a layer of mud.

"Thanks a lot for this great suggestion," I grumbled, as we turned the corner from the cattle to the sheep pens. "I haven't had this much fun since last week when I managed to break four fingers playing volleyball."

PHOTOS BY CITYBOY

"Aw shit, Jim, quit bellyaching. We really..." The rest of his words were lost in the commotion as a troupe of rug rats rounded the corner and crashed into me, going about sixty miles per hour. I managed to keep my balance somehow, both hands were in splints and ace bandages because of my fingers—and soon the kids were disappearing around the next corner in a cloud of dust and noise.

"Jesus Christ!" I moaned, looking down. One of the kids had left about half of his cotton candy stuck to my legs as he crashed into me, and I was covered knee to crotch with rapidly melting pink sugar goo. Good old Bill was leaning against the side of the livestock barn, doubled up with laughter.

"I'll be back in a few minutes, asshole," I snarled, now thoroughly pissed off. "I've got to do something about this mess."

"Cheer up, man," he gasped, holding his sides, "maybe you can find someone to lick it off."

I didn't think that even deserved an answer, so I stalked off in search of water. I turned off the midway, and was soon walking by

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HEY, LITTLE MAN

By Richard A. White

I met him at a bar on Christopher Street, and right away I asked him to model for me. From the day of the session, we became fast friends and more. I had thought that at this point in my history, no single person could make that much difference in my life. I've never been so glad to be so wrong. Not only has he impacted on my life and my way of living it, but in my work he has been a constant source of inspiration and support.

If I were going to write one of my typical romantic stories, the last name I would pick for the central character would be Bill. I tend toward more melodic names, like Gabriel, Jesse, or Gennario. But Bill is this man's name. He doesn't fit any of the pictures I carry around in my mind's movie of what an Important Person in Your Life is supposed to look like. He's good-looking rather than pretty. He's hairy rather than alabaster-skinned like the statues I usually fall into a trance over. He's younger than I am, rather than the older and wiser mentor I always think I need, and he laughs much too easily; at least he laughs far more easily than me.

He's broken every mold, every expectation that my survival-oriented mind thrives on. He listens very carefully when I discuss things with him, and he can quote me practically verbatim. When he does, he makes sarcastic but good-natured asides to deflate my overblown philosophizing. He steals center-stage from me far too often for my vain artistic temperament to tolerate. Yet I beam when he matches my energy, my humor, my outrageousness. And he's just as adept at discussing our mutual interests in science and language.

We're notorious for entering a room where there's a party going on and within minutes having everybody gathered around us. We can go out to a bar together and separate for a while for cruising, and each of us knows—all the time—where the other one is. We always reconnect later.

Bill and I aren't lovers, although we do feel some of the same things that lovers feel—physical attraction, tender affection, a desire to please each other, and concern for each other's well-being. We also share the feelings that great friends bestow on each other, such as interest in the other's work, confidences about each other's boyfriends, and delight in lifting each other's spirits with cards, letters, phone calls, jokes, and on and on and on. Underlying all of this bounty is a deep mutual respect. I know of no word to describe what we are to each other. I guess the most appropriate would be *miracle*, the best of everything—friends, lovers, confidants, playmates. Bill feels we were fated to come together. I have to agree.

Of course it helps that he lives in Boston, and I live here in New York. It helps because it gives us a chance to miss each other. We have moments when we come into each other's thoughts instead of bursting into each other's privacy. Time apart also means time to consider each other, to reflect on what we've said, to ponder what we should say the next time we're together. We get together about twice a month, when one of us flies to the other city. We've had weeks in Provincetown too, and weekends in posh Manhattan hotels—Bill works for a travel consortium and gets complimentary [redacted].

Because we speak on the phone practically every day, it's almost as if I do see him all the time, as if he's always nearby. One day I called his office, and when he picked up the phone his greeting was: "Thank God, a *good* phone call, a welcome voice instead of all these assholes bugging me all day. How are you, sweetheart?" Somehow I had sensed, before I phoned him, that he needed a happy voice.

Today I need him. It seems that whenever he's about to visit, the whole week before is a horror. This week is no exception. That's why I'm pounding away on this typewriter, trying to calm my nerves. I guess I shouldn't complain, since it makes his visits all the sweeter and more nurturing to me, this torture-test just before he arrives.

I called three times today to talk to him, but he was at meetings. His secretary knows my voice by now, and she assured me he'd be back shortly. Fuck it. It's been one of those weeks when it seems every fucking magazine owes me money and is late with their check. They have stories to explain why they're late, but we all have stories, and we all have assholes—and they all stink the same! I've been writing stories to go with my artwork, so now those West Coast glossies owe me *twice* as much as when I just gave them the art.

Last night, to forget how low on ready cash I was, I went to my favorite West Village bar hoping to laugh and drink myself into amnesia with friends. Did I say friends? I should say bar people who are waiting to get a copy of my new calendar for free. Every year I publish an illustrated calendar, and every year I give away a few to "friends." This year I have out 135! If I don't give them to every drinking buddy who's ever—or never—bought me a drink, I catch hell. And when I do give them out, are these guys grateful? Not on your life. They say things like, "Well, it's about time I got mine. Everyone else has had theirs for weeks!" The calendar isn't due out for months and already they're bitching. I came home sober and pissed.

Today was no better. They've

started building a high-rise right outside my studio-bedroom window. The old brownstone building I live in adjoins what till now has been a parking lot. Since mine is the last building on the southwest corner of the street, I've enjoyed a magnificent unobstructed view of the Hudson all these years, and I've treasured my New York sunsets. But the skeleton of the high-rise is up now, and already the I-beams are beginning to obliterate my slice of sky.

Bill just called. He's taking off early from work and due in at LaGuardia at five-thirty. Thank God!

Right now, I'm trying to recover from what I just saw right outside my window. A thick cable came into my view, and riding on top of a cluster of girders was the most amazing hard-hatted specimen I've ever seen. He looked half-Indian, with shoulder-length, flowing black hair. He was shirtless, and his tight, tawny skin rippled with natural musculature. He was right out of one of those West Coast magazines that owe me money. And he couldn't have missed my slack-jawed stare as I sat in the window bare-assed, typing away.

He had a thick moustache, ringlets of sweat-soaked fur all over his chest, and—yeah, yeah, I know what you're thinking. Just like one of my stories. So what? There he was—a fucking beauty! His jeans were worn so that his basket showed through the frayed fabric, his cockhead outlined in the slanting afternoon sunlight. Not a huge cock, just a nice meaty one. See? It's not *quite* like the fantasy stories I write.

He held onto the thick metal cables and shouted something to the others below. With the humming of my air conditioner, I couldn't quite hear what he said. The cable motion stopped, and he got off. He guided the beams to the temporary wood flooring at the top of the framework, then unhooked the cable from the I-beams and waved away the massive hook and line. After that, he walked out of my line of vision. Naturally I kept watching. He appeared again, barely visible behind a metal upright beam. He was pissing—and he was eyeing me through my window, making certain I was still watching. There was a smugness, an arrogance about him that both intrigued me and put me off. Was he a fag-bashing cock tease? Was he a macho closet case? Or was he just what I wanted him to be—a great-looking horny-and-ready dude?

He grinned at me, and it was no fag-baiting smile. It was desire flaunting itself. He shook his cock to squeeze out the last drops, then winked and stuffed it back inside. I had used up almost an entire page typing words like "njfu nb kdngu mnfual mamndu scxtaj nov skwou" to make it seem like I was paying attention to my work, despite the live porno show on the roof. Oops. There's the door. Must be Bill. I'll finish this later.

Later...

It was six P.M. when I went to answer the door. Bill's flight had been delayed. "Hey, little man," he greeted, dropping his bag and hugging me tight, his smells so familiar that I'm sure I could find him blindfolded in a room full of naked men.

He put his suitcases by the sofa, and I poured the wine. There was still some light reflecting from the northern sky into the living room, which gave Bill's ruggedly hand-

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some face an amber glow. Right away, he asked me what was wrong. He always knows when I'm distracted. I ranted on about being taken for granted by "friends" and clients alike, about not getting paid, about how I was beginning to doubt the viability of continuing my artwork. He listened quietly until I threatened to quit writing and drawing. Then he hugged and smiled. "Don't even consider it. You're only indulging an already swollen ego with spite and revenge. You'd be miserable if you did anything else. Besides, where would I get all that free porn?" He was right. As usual.

This was the first time I had let my fears of failure surface in front of him—or anyone. I was always afraid of tearing down the image of me as a winner, as a constant achiever—even in front of Bill. I was afraid he'd stop loving me if I seemed too fragile. I should have known better, of course. He held me close, stroked the side of my neck, and cradled me against his shoulder. He whispered, "It's nice to know that you're as human as the rest of us. Welcome to the race, darling."

We sipped our wine, and my fears and frustrations began to ebb. But despite Bill's gentle understanding, I was still full of rage inside.

"I don't know how to make the fury disappear," I told him. "I don't want this weekend to be about my career turmoils."

He was still holding me close, running his hands down my back and over my swelling crotch. "I think we can fix that," he said, sliding his tongue past my lips.

His jacket was off, and the moisture and heat poured out his opened shirt. The thick smells of the hot day coated his profuse body hairs. I gripped his wide, strong shoulders and kissed him ferociously, partly because of having missed him so much, partly because of my barely contained rage.

We stripped in a flash and went into the air-cooled bedroom. Bill lay back on the bed and held out his arms to me.

"C'mere and give me your anger and let me boil it all away."

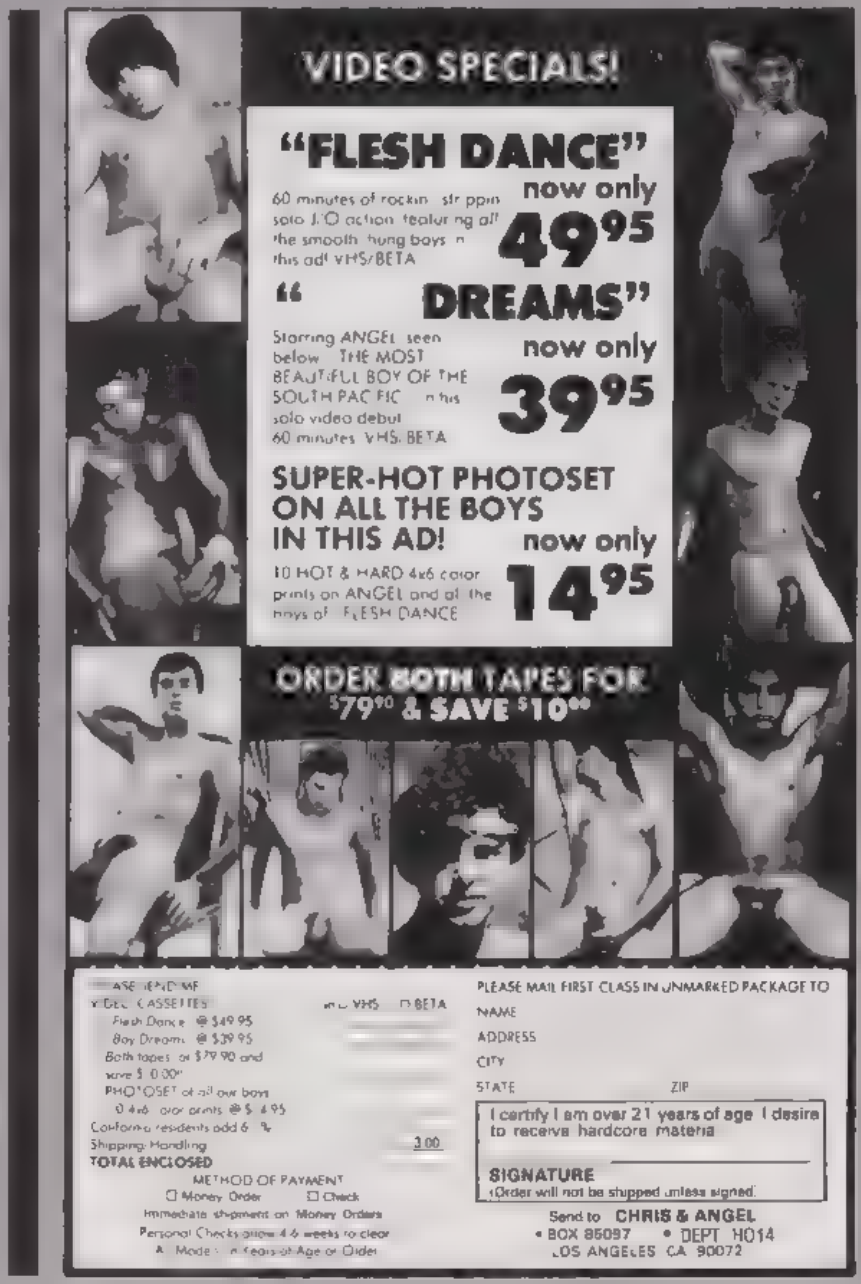
I crawled on top of him, my hard-on was already throbbing. He reached beside the bed for my box of condoms and rolled one over my cock. Then he spit on it and rubbed the spit into the safe. He smiled up at me. The sunlight was making the golden hairs gleam all over his chest, and the breeze from the air conditioner shimmered the corn silk around his nipples.

"This'll catch all the rage in you. Then we can throw it away."

We began to kiss, but I wasn't ready to be tender yet. I held Bill's thighs and wrapped his thick, furry legs around my neck. I spit on his sphincter and rubbed the saliva into him and smeared more on the thick bush that circled his pink pucker. His hard-on curved downward, like mine, and nestled into my cock hairs as I slammed my cock way up inside him. He gasped and then gripped me tight with his legs.

"Yeah, get in there. Plow all that fury into my butt. Give it to me. Give it to *me*!"

We're both hung—God was good to us. I felt the inner walls of his butt rubbing against the underside of my cock, and the friction swelled my cock even thicker with blood and cum. As I slammed into him, he growled, "Yeah, fuck those pigs for not paying you. Give



it to 'em. Fuck 'em! Fuck 'em!"

I reached down for the hard brown buttons of his nipples and wrenched them. I tore at his tit hairs.

"That's it. Tear 'em out. Slap the shit out of those bastards! Whip 'em!"

I shoved my tongue through Bill's lips and over his shining white teeth. His breath whooshed into me, and our lips swelled from the sucking and the coarse hairs of our moustaches.

"Tear that bum's face apart. Chew 'im up!" Bill hissed into my mouth.

I ravaged his face, all the while pounding away at his asshole. I gripped his thighs and bucked him about with my rapid fucking. He met me with equal frenzy, and the sheets began to pull away from the mattress. I banged my balls tight against Bill's ass and reached for his cum-packed pole. I ran my hand all over it, squeezing the head until the fore-cum oozed out.

"Choke those fuckers. Punish 'em. Force that money out of 'em. Whip that meat, baby."

I heated his cock to boiling with my rapid-fire strokes, his balls flapping beneath my hand. I spit on his cock and rubbed more of it on the head.

"Spit in their faces. Rub it in. Rub it in. Jesus, Richard, I'm close to coming. Come with me, baby. Fuck me good. Shove all that rage up my asshole and blow it into that safe. Shoot it. Shoot it. Shoot it!"

Bill wrapped his arms around me and I hammered his cum out of him. He yelled and thrashed about and shot his pudding all over the golden mane on his belly. I shoved into him and filled that safe with what felt like gallons of lava. Then I pulled out of him and spilled the cum from the safe onto his belly.

"See that? Can't tell your tantrum spunk from my love juice. Mmm..." he moaned. "Now kiss me. Gimme that mouth."

At last I was ready to be affectionate. I sobbed and laughed and gasped as we kissed. The feeling of relief was magnificent. I loved him so much. I felt such peace in his arms.

Bill and I spent no time apart that weekend, except to go to the toilet. And after that first rampage, our lovemaking was gentler from then on. Time flew by.

On Sunday morning, Bill chuckled and said, "You should get mad more often. My asshole's still tender from Friday."

I laughed and held him close.

That afternoon we discovered a small secluded section of Central Park that had a beautifully cultivated garden.

"It's just the kind I want to have," Bill beamed.

Landscape architecture is another of his many loves. We wandered the practically deserted garden for hours. I guess most people were at the beach on this bright July afternoon. We walked downtown, trying to stretch the remaining hours before Bill had to catch the plane home. Missing him may be precious, but it isn't easy.

Yesterday, Monday, I sat writing to myself about Bill's and my wonderful weekend. Even the weather had cooperated.

Then there he was again. The construction worker across the way, striding about on the top floor. This time there was a group of other workers around, but he was the glory of the lot. I found it difficult to believe that I was devouring this man with my eyes and craving him, after my weekend of lovemaking with Bill. I guess it's true that all men are pigs, particularly this man.

I sat there for a while, watching Mr. Hard Hat strut and pose across the way. He'd glance over at me and grin when his co-workers weren't looking. Finally I got a large piece of drawing paper and with a felt pen wrote the number of my apartment on it. I held it in the window for a few minutes, making sure my "friend" saw it. He nodded and raised his open palm to tell me he got off at five. I showered, changed the sheets, and waited.

At five-fifteen, my door buzzed. "It's me," he said through the intercom, in a voice higher pitched than I'd expected, "from across de way." His accent sounded Mexican.

I buzzed him up and waited with the door open. His ripe smells filled the stairwell before he came into view. When he reached the top of the stairs, I could see his hard-on already slithering down his thigh. I let him in. We were both grinning like naughty kids, and neither of us said a word, except to exchange names. When we shook hands, we slid quickly into a grinding hug. He felt thick and hard in my arms, his big barrel chest heaving in anticipation. His day's growth of beard sanded my lips, and his breath smelled of garlic, cigarettes, and beer. He was gross and gorgeous. I shocked myself by how much I wanted him.

"I wantcha to fuck me good and hard like dat man you fucked on Friday," he whispered.

It was my first awareness that Bill and I had had an audience. I'd never have done that on purpose, but I wasn't sorry now. I shoved my tongue down Raul's throat. I had to stand on my toes to reach his mouth. He was over six feet tall, and he hadn't taken off his grimy work boots. Nor did he take

CONTINUED TO PAGE 21

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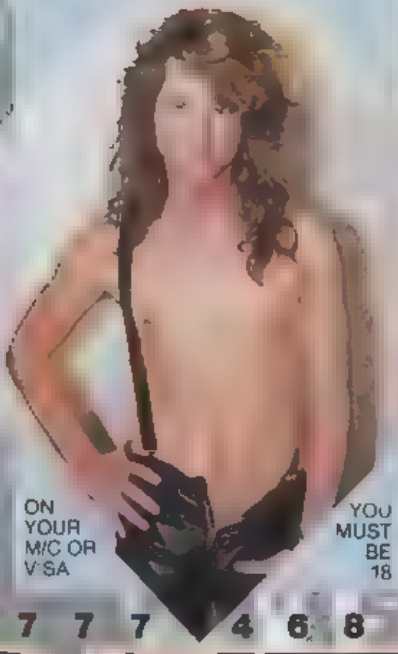

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Hey, Little Man

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

them off to get into bed. He just slid his jeans off over them, lay back, and raised his legs. While I slipped on a safe, he spit into his hand and soaked the black pelt that fringed his asshole. He wanted it bad. And I did as well.

I didn't even spit on my cock. I just slammed right into him all the way. He took it like a man. He bucked and hissed and moaned as I worked my cock deeper into him with each thrust. I tore at his tits as his boots scratched my waist, his sweaty socks stiff against my ribs. His long hair swept into my face and stuck to the sweat. He chewed my lips and moustache and whipped his cock into a frenzy. Shorter cocks always seem to get so much harder than big ones. His curved up like an elephant's tusk and throbbed an angry purple under his pistoning mitt. I fucked and fucked and fucked until I thought the safe would rip.

No words were spoken, no thoughts or feelings shared. Our bodies heated each other but did not merge the way Bill's and mine always did. Even in the throes of lust, my mind drifted to the deep rapture that Bill and I have with each other.

But still, lust was good.

I held tightly to the burly powerhouse underneath me. I gave my deepest lunge into him and my load exploded into the safe. I smiled to myself as I gasped and shot up his butt. He would never know he'd only got the smallest, perhaps most insignificant part of me. And that would be thrown into the toilet with the rubber. He had come for a re-enactment of what he had seen Friday, but he hadn't seen what had happened Friday. He'd only glimpsed a part of it.

At the door, Raul shook my hand and said, "I wanna come back, okay?"

I told him it was fine by me. And it was. He was a real dazzler, and I like to be dazzled. But as I watched him descend the stairs, rubbing his ass, I felt sad for him. It was as if in fast-forwarding to "the good parts" of the porno video he'd watched through my window, he'd missed what it was that made them good. And then I stopped feeling so smug when I remembered how many years I'd done the same, when only my body and my ego were present in bed, the rest of my psyche asleep. And so I began to feel sad for myself, for all those wasted years.

Finally I stopped feeling sad altogether—for Raul, for me, for anybody. Those indulgent times in the past led me to where I am now. They paved the way, cleared a space for Bill. They were good while they lasted. Now they're over. The present is better than ever, and the future promises to be better still.

Now that I know what I've got in my life.

My eyes glazed over as I stared out at the sun setting behind the girders. I breathed deeply, evenly. *Someone knows me, knows everything about me, and still trusts, respects, and loves me.* Maybe I'll call Bill and tell him how I feel. But what will I say? How can I find the words? It seems like I ought to tell him how I feel—after all, I never have, not really. But...

It's now two days after I walked away from my typewriter in frustration at not knowing how to express my deepest feelings to Bill. I didn't call him. Whenever I thought about it, I got frustrated again. Now that I've finished rereading this I'm going to call. But just to say hello and find out how he's doing. It's finally sunk in that nothing else is necessary. What can I tell him that he doesn't already know? Nothing. And that's what makes it good. ■

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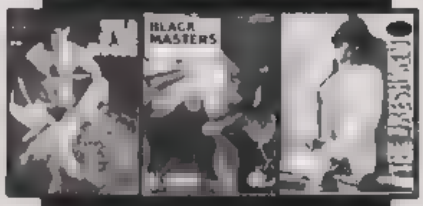

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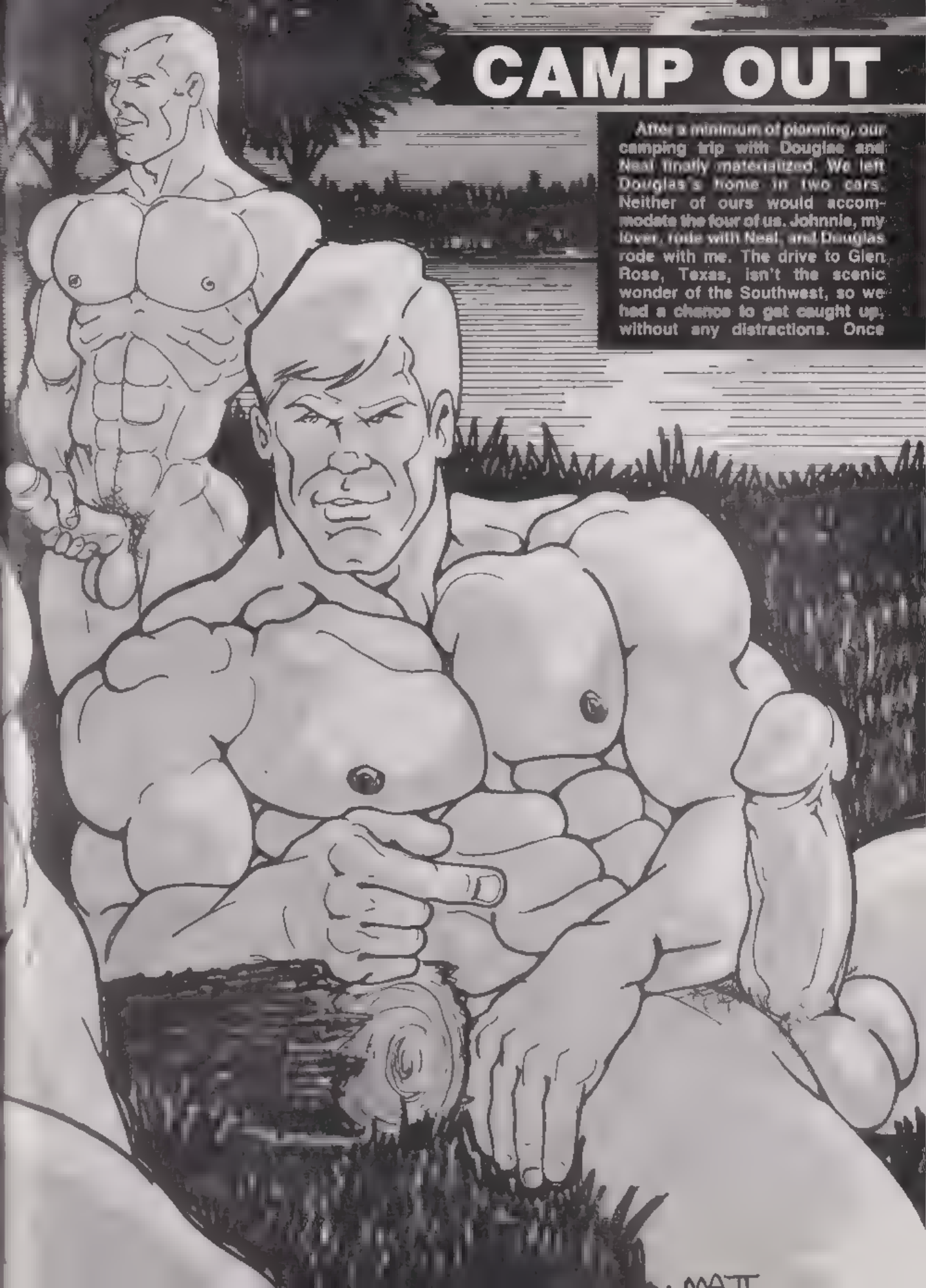
CAMP OUT
After a minimum of planning, our camping trip with Douglas and Neal finally materialized. We left Douglas's home in two cars. Neither of ours would accommodate the four of us. Johnnie, my lover, rode with Neal, and Douglas rode with me. The drive to Glen Rose, Texas, isn't the scenic wonder of the Southwest, so we had a chance to get caught up, without any distractions. Once

there, however, we'd be treated to some marvelous wilderness areas and the famous Dinosaur Park. Douglas was always a talker and never met a stranger, unless he wanted to.

Right from the beginning, he let me know, "Neal and I are lovers, but we have an arrangement."

I thought this a peculiar thing to admit up front, unless he had some ulterior motives. "Yeah," he went on, "after about six months, I realized I needed more physical outlets than he could give; and he had some special needs that I wasn't meeting. So, we discussed it all and came to an agreement that made us both happy."

"Whatever works for you," I said. I noticed his brows wrinkled in a scowl. Both Douglas and Neal were very attractive blonds. Exactly the same body types, they could easily have passed for brothers. I suspected there was an element of narcissism in the relationship. I couldn't deny my physical attraction for Douglas, which I'd always had. Johnnie was the same lithe blond build. But Douglas had carefully avoided any physical contact with me through the years. And then we'd lost touch. His sudden invitation to go camping was a bit of a surprise, but welcome. Even though his handsome face was showing signs of maturity, it caused my dick to soar to full hardness, like always.

"Are you still in the business?" I asked, quickly changing the subject.

"Am I modeling, you mean?"

"Right."

"After the commercials you and I did together, I did some work in L.A., and then went on to New York for a while." He avoided specifics. "To be honest, I'm getting too old for the kind of stuff I'm best at."

"You look the same to me," I lied, to bolster his ego. On closer examination, I saw all the tell-tale lines, fine to be sure, but present nevertheless.

"Maybe so. But I've lost a lot of work to the younger guys. The camera really tells it like it is, I'm afraid. Damn it, it's always the younger ones."

"Maybe some day attitudes'll change."

"Well, I can't take too much more of it." He paused. "I think I ought to get into another phase of the business, while I still have the contacts, like you did."

So that was the real reason for our invitation. He did have an ulterior motive. He wanted a job. And he wanted it bad. I remained silent, not picking up on his opening.

"I think I'd be good at selling advertising. I'd make a hell of an account executive."

"That's a pretty hard area to break into, unless you already have some accounts. I doubt if anyone'll hire you, except on a commission basis. You could starve while you built up your clientele."

"It was just a thought, Mark." He frowned. He gave me a sidelong look and began playing with his nipples through the T-shirt. The crotch of his tight jeans moved. He brushed the inside of his muscular thigh and let his dick go completely hard. He wasn't wearing any underwear. It stood up at an odd angle, and he touched it with his thumb, grinning all the time. I did my best to ignore it, but couldn't. The familiar tingling started at the base of my cock as he spurted enough fluid to form a damp spot. Damn him, anyway!

"Why don't you look into being a sales rep for one of the tv stations, or one of the newspapers? You could make a good living right from the start. With your gift of gab, you could be knocking down big bucks in no time." I squirmed uncomfortably as his hard-on wrestled against his pantsleg, bobbing up and down.

"Those jobs aren't, well, they aren't... as..." he paused, groping himself thoroughly.

"They aren't as glamorous?"

"You got it," he admitted.

If that was what he was looking for, I felt that any advice I gave him would be a waste of breath. I wasn't close enough to him to try and redirect his thinking. Not really. I decided to enjoy the camp-out, regardless of his motives. I didn't get away very often. I ignored his hard-on as best I could, but it was damned difficult to do. When we arrived, there was enough light left to read a sign that stated: NO

TRESPASSING. VIOLATORS WILL BE PROSECUTED.

I turned to Douglas and said, "You told me this was a public area."

"I did?" he said, frowning.

"I guess I confused it with some other place. Anyway, it's okay. I've camped here dozens of times." I had my doubts. "Really, Mark, it's okay. Don't be so stuffy. Shows your age!"

We headed down two ruts ambling through the trees and dense underbrush. The area looked deserted. The snaky path ended at a small knoll overlooking the river valley. The sun was setting in its last burst of glory. Long fingers of red and purple clouds streamed endlessly across the horizon.

Johnnie exclaimed, "Isn't this breathtaking!" His big blue eyes lit up. He was city-raised and as anxious to go on the camp-out as I.

"Really," I said. I bent down and kissed him.

It was a low bluff, which fell in a gradual, rocky slope down to the river. The last light of day reflected off the water, shimmering through the unrestrained growth like a million twinkle lights.

"If you two will stop carrying on, we can get set up before dark!" Douglas said.

"Damn right, Mr. Legree," Johnnie teased. "Jus' show us field hands what to do, and—" I kissed him again.

"Give me a break!" shouted Douglas.

"Johnnie, let them do that," Neal said. "You and I can rustle up dinner."

We unhitched the camper and stabilized it. The top was divided in half, and opened, each section making a sleeping area for two. It was small, but state of the art. By the time we had it operational, Neal and Johnnie had a fire going, and dinner well on its way. There's a wonderful smell about food cooking over an open fire that nothing else comes close to. Even barbecuing in the back yard isn't the same. Maybe it's the combination of wood smoke, nature, and getting away from the rat race that works the magic. I don't know. But the aromas were delicious and my stomach growled.

I was ashamed of the quantity of steak and hash browns I put away. After dinner, we sat around the dying fire, watching the embers turn into coals, rustled now and then by a slight breeze, and feeling very contented. The wilderness night sounds gradually began. And the stars seemed more brilliant, perhaps because they weren't competing with the city lights.

"Say, I know what let's do," Douglas said about the time I considered turning in. "Let's go skinny-dipping."

"I haven't done that in years," Johnnie said.

The suggestion was all it took; Neal and Douglas were out of their clothes like a shot. They stood by the dwindling campfire, their magnificent golden bodies bathed in the dusky glow, expecting us to follow their lead. Johnnie started undressing, but I sat where I was. I'd never seen Douglas naked before and found myself more attracted to him than I wanted to be. He turned slowly in the firelight and let me have a good look at his bubble-shaped ass, marked sharply by his tanline. My mouth went dry. He gave me a wicked smile. I struggled against my urge. I had no intention of him manipulating me, and I felt that was exactly what he was trying to do. He was counting on the feelings I'd always harbored for him. He wasn't wrong.

"Come on, Mark," Johnnie urged. "This ought to be fun!"

"I don't like the idea of swimming at night. It's too dangerous," I said.

"There'll be four of us," Douglas replied. "And the river's way down. Haven't had much rain this year."

"It'll be more like wading than swimming," Neal said. Their assurances didn't convince me. Besides, I wasn't in the mood for their antics.

"Get a move on!" Johnnie commanded, as he dropped his pants. The fire dancing off his blond skin was so enticing that I began undressing reluctantly.

"All right, you little fucker, if you say so!" I said.

The walk down to the river assaulted my tender feet. Douglas

MATT

and Neal moved along ahead of us like two nimble deer and were out of sight in the darkness long before I finished my torturous descent. One touch of the icy water told me I'd been right. Neal and Johnnie plunged bravely into midstream and began acting crazy, laughing and splashing around. I could hear them, but in the darkness, they were barely visible. Douglas sat down on the rock beside me. We were silent at first. Douglas opened his muscular legs, showing off his huge cockmeat, already swelling, and fleshy ballsack. He began pinching his nipples until they were rock hard. His dick rose and fell until it twitched violently and stood straight up in the air, a good seven thick inches.

"Tomorrow," I said, "I'd like to look for dinosaur tracks and drive through the park." All the time, though, I couldn't take my eyes off his box and he knew it. He pushed his hips forward, making his dick sway.

"The tracks are all up and down this part of the river. You won't have any trouble finding them." He grabbed the base of his dick and stroked down. A gleaming spot of pre-cum oozed out. He sat back letting it swing free, pointing at me. He hunched his hips again, bringing the flesh pole even closer.

"Go on, Mark," he said softly. "Touch it. I know you want to. You've always wanted to..."

My hands were sweaty. "Look, Douglas—"

"Go ahead. Take it in your hand. Johnnie's way out in the water and can't see. I'm really hot tonight. Once you get the taste, you won't be able to stop."

"This wasn't what we came out here for—"

"Wasn't it?" he said, laughing deep in his throat. "No, it wasn't."

"It seems a shame to waste this," he said, stroking himself. He was one hell of a hot man, and I wanted to. But I didn't want anything to jeopardize what Johnnie and I had going, although I figured Johnnie was getting a come-on from Neal.

Douglas began slowly jacking off. "Shit," he said, "I'm so turned on, I'm about to..." He threw back his head and closed his eyes, moaning sensuously. His dick began throbbing. "Mark—" he whispered. "Bring me off! Man, I'm ready to explode!"

The temptation was too much. I bent over and began licking the wide, red tip. Douglas groaned and pushed his dick halfway down my throat.

"Suck it, Mark!"

My moist lips sank slowly to the pulsing base. Suddenly, I caught myself and came off it.

"Man, don't stop!"

"Douglas—"

"*Don't* stop!"

I couldn't help myself. I'd wanted him for so long. My fingers closed around the saliva-coated, blood-gorged shaft. Douglas jammed his stick hard against me, gasped, and unloaded instantly. His burning cum shot through my fingers as he gyrated his hips, fucking my palm.

"Jesus!" I swore, pulling my cum-filled hand away, as Douglas laughed mischievously.

"I *knew* you wanted it!" he chuckled. He quickly turned and got on his hands and knees, wiggling his beautiful ass. My own hard cock reacted like metal to magnet.

"When you get a taste of *this*," he said, "you—"

"No!" I shouted and jumped up. I wasn't happy at what was happening. It was pitch black and I couldn't see far ahead, as I started back to the camp site. I heard Johnnie calling behind me softly.

"Mark, Mark! Wait up!" He caught up with me and slid his arm around my waist. "This is as far away from you as I intend to get for the rest of this weekend!"

"Neal put the make on you, eh?"

"Boy, did he ever! It didn't take long to get the picture."

"Sorry, I got us into this. I had no idea—"

"I know," Johnnie said. "Douglas needs a job real bad. And Neal's about to get laid off. They know you're doing good and know everybody in the business and—" He stopped talking and molded his body to mine. He put his arms around my neck and his kiss was hot and passionate.

"And I don't want to talk about business," I whispered.

I caressed his body, still damp from the river. "I need you, Mark.

CONTINUED TO PAGE 75

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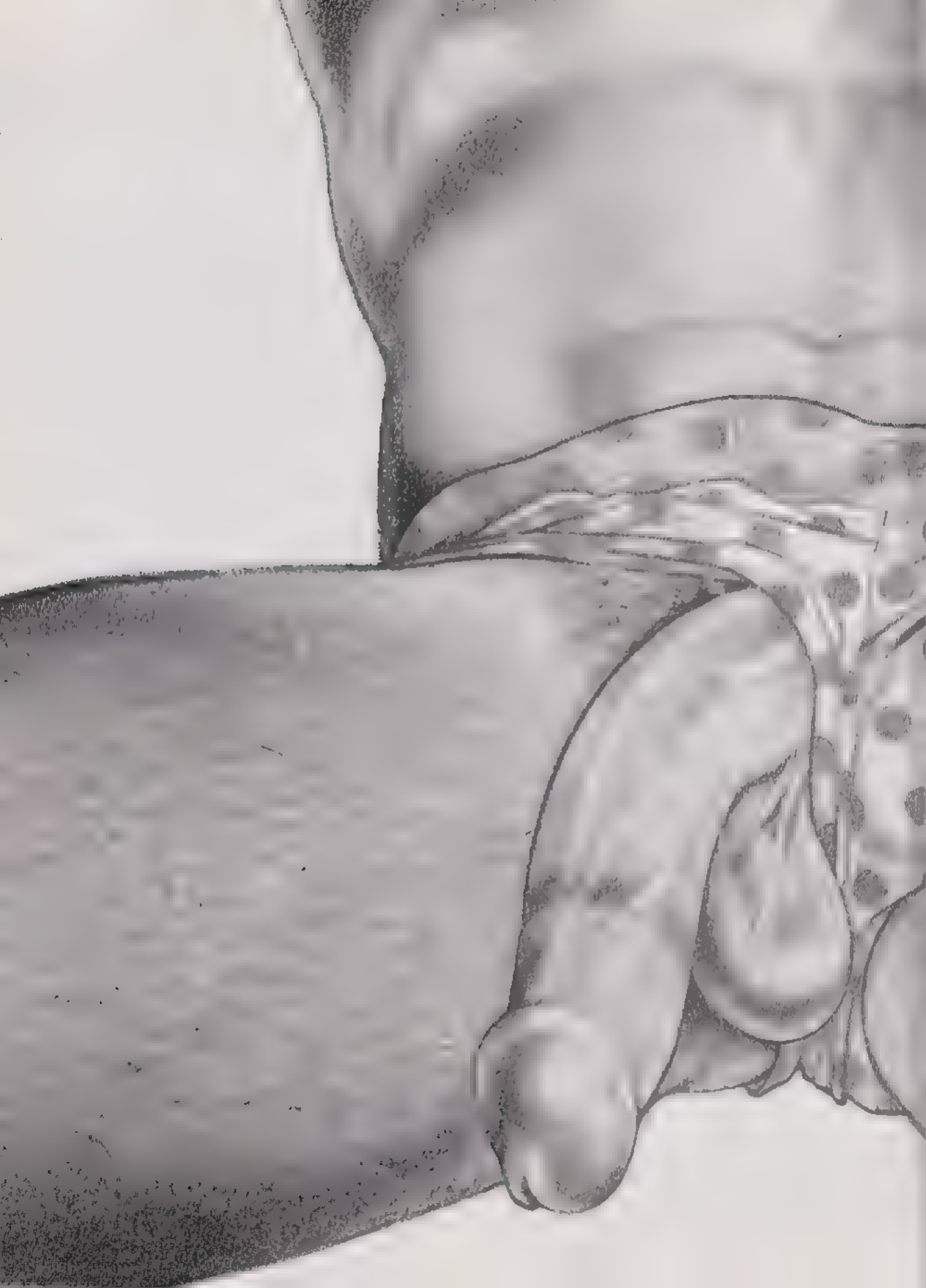

THEY CALL ME HORSEMEAT

BY RICK LANE

Back a few years ago, when I was twenty-two, the thing I wanted most in all the world was to get my ass out of the boring little nowhere town I was born and raised in. But it looked impossible. My parents had both died in a car crash a few years before, and all they left me was the bill for their funeral.

So I had to quit high school in my last year and go to work. Fortunately, I was—and am—a helluva good motorcycle mechanic, if I do say so myself. So I did all right. Harley to Honda, I don't have any prejudices at all. I paid for the funeral, paid off the other debts, and managed a decent living. But that was it.

Apart from riding around on my big old Harley and a fairly decent sex life, I had nothing except dreams. Like living in a big city and fucking all the time and partying, maybe getting into a gay bike club, being open and free. Maybe in a few years I'd be able to make my dreams come true, if I could get enough money saved up. But it sure looked like a long, dull stretch till then.

But when I got to know Doc Zana, my life brightened up. He was the last of the old family that had founded the town, a real bright guy, kind of thin, but handsome, in his forties. He lived all alone in this huge house with an acre or so of yard around it. Doc had the family money, so he didn't have to work for a living, which some people in town thought was terrible. I wasn't one of them. I thought it was great that he was so into the chemical experiments that he did in his basement. By the way, that's why everybody called him Doc even though he wasn't any kind of doctor.

We met one night at a rest stop on the interstate north of town. One thing led to another, and before long we were making it on a fairly steady basis. Doc was older

ART BY NEFFENDORF

and all, but he was wild and had the bucks too, so he could arrange threeways and all kinds of fun stuff like that. He seemed to be just about the only *living* person in that town, besides me.

One time I asked him, "You got education and money and class, you dress to beat the band, and I'm a mechanic and a biker. How come we get along so well, huh? Out of bed as well as in? In bed I already understand."

"We're both rowdies," he said. "You physically, with your beefy body and your suicidal racing about on your motorcycle. And I'm a mental rowdy. Both of us have a don't-give-a-shit attitude, and we both hate this flat little nowhere town. Also, we've both lost our parents. We're alone in a world full of jerks."

I couldn't disagree with a single word of that.

I was over at his place all the time, and one night I was sitting on the couch in his living room—which was furnished the same as it was a hundred years ago, I reckon—and Doc was in a huge old chair, and we were watching some stupid shit on the tube. Then a commercial comes on and he shuts it up with his zapper and turns to me and says, "Beau, tell me honestly, would you like your cock to be bigger?"

"Huh?"

"And your balls too?"

"Sure I'd like 'em bigger," I say, figuring there's a joke coming up. "Who the hell wouldn't?"

"Exactly."

"Too bad it's impossible."

Doc looked at me and smiled a real odd smile, his eyes glittering.

"Isn't it?" I ask. "It can't be possible."

"Why not? Who has ever tried? Modern science has never addressed the challenge. Until now."

"Oh, Doc, come on."

"Beau, I've been working on this problem for years."

"Sure," I say, figuring he's trying to blow my head out.

"When was the last time you saw my cock?"

"About two weeks ago," I say, "with that farmer's son who was hitchin' a ride into town."

Doc stands up out of that big old chair, stands square in front of me, opens his slacks, and skins his shorts down his thighs.

Now I knew Doc's meat pretty well—nice stuff, but nothing out of the porno flicks. But what I was looking at now appeared to me about three times bigger. I mean it was *huge*—a fat red pipe hanging way down, big head on it like a mushroom, and nuts the size of tennis balls.

All I could do was stare. I wanted to believe it so much. I reached out and felt around, up in his dark hairs where he might have hid something fake.

"You think I'm wearing some sort of plastic or rubber appliance, don't you?" he asked.

I didn't say anything, just cupped his balls for a moment, then took hold of his cock. Everything felt nice and warm and real, and when I sniffed my hand there was the mellow scent of ball sweat.

"Okay," I said, letting him go and looking up at his face. "Where do I sign up? How much do you want? I'm poor, but I have some savings. I can make time payments. I could sell my motorcycle and—"

"Beau, Beau, calm yourself," he says, tucking his beautiful meat back into his undershorts and zipping up his pants. "Of course I'm going to give you the treatment too. We're going to be partners and become richer than anybody has ever been."

Doc's idea was to sell the treatment to a few rich men and let the word spread all quiet like. I was going to be his partner if I'd go for the treatment and pose for before-and-after photos—"because nobody'll believe us without them, just as you didn't believe me."

Me being big and muscular and, well, maybe a little tough-looking was part of the deal too. "There will be those who will try anything to get at my discovery," Doc said. "And the treatment is sure to be illegal. Both brains and brawn are necessary. Are you game?"

"When do we start?" I asked, out of my head with excitement. Me, Beau, rich and hung!

"Can you stay overnight this coming weekend?"

That was a Thursday evening, I remember, because the next day at work was the slowest in the world. At five I shot out of there, jumped on my Harley, and roared out to Doc's place.

In one of the many empty rooms in that big old house, Doc had me strip down and pose for a couple dozen photographs, from all different angles, me limp, then hard. After that we went down into the basement. He had me sit in a kitchen chair covered with a sheet and some towels, and he fitted a plastic sack-type thing around my

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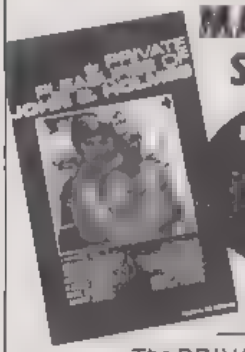

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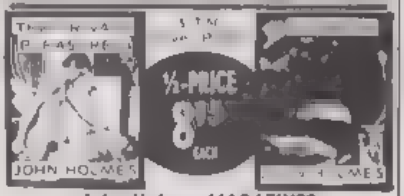

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cock and balls. A hose of clear plastic tubing led from it to a big glass vat that had some dark, greasy-looking liquid in it.

I asked Doc if I shouldn't be sterilized or anything, and he said that wasn't necessary. "It's beautiful in its simplicity," he said. "Invented right here in this basement. I merely brought together a number of facts scattered in a lot of publications in several widely separated scientific disciplines," or something like that. I think he used some words that were even bigger. He was a proud man that day.

He tells me to sit still and keep my legs wide apart, and he goes over to the vat and pours another liquid into it, clear stuff, and all at once there's a big fizzing sound and fumes pour out of the vat through the tubing, and then the plastic sack begins to puff up like a balloon, and I can't see my meat for all the smoke around it, but it feels real warm. I'd expected it to hurt or get real hot, but it doesn't.

An hour later it's all over. Doc is real careful about not letting any of the fumes escape, so I ask him if it's poisonous.

"No," he says, "just incredibly explosive. That's the only drawback...except for the pain."

"The pain? You didn't tell me about any kind of pain."

"Have no fear, Beau. It'll last only a day or so, and if it gets very bad I have a nice pill for you."

He said I shouldn't wear pants or underwear and gave me this big new bathrobe, a real pretty blue color. I put it on and we went upstairs where everything turned back to normal. We had dinner and watched TV.

Then I began to hurt real bad down there. Doc gave me the big white pill, and I swallowed it and lay down on the couch. Next thing I knew it was morning. I pushed off the blanket Doc had spread over me and looked down at my meat. My cock was lying there just like always, kind of dark, but now it was about three times as long as before, and a lot thicker too. I lifted it up in one hand, and man, it really *weighed*. And it didn't hurt at all anymore. My nuts were two big beauties in their reddish, wrinkled sac. I had just what I told Doc I wanted when he asked me before the treatment. I'd said I wanted a salami and tennis balls, like he had.

And there they were.

I was so happy it kind of scared me. I got up and threw off the robe and stood there naked in front of the huge mirror that hung over the fireplace. I admired the hell out of myself, looked at my enlarged equipment from every angle, held my cock up out of the way and swung my balls back and forth, then let go my dick and watched it flop down. Man, could I ever feel the pull!

All of a sudden my scrotum tightened up and made a big, hairy fist under my cock, which was beginning to curve and thicken, starting to get hard. I just stood there with my legs apart and started stroking my cock, watching every move I made and feeling it too.

"Stop that!"

"Aw, Doc, I—"

"Do you want to spoil everything?"

"No, of course not."

"Then put your robe back on and relax."

I did as he said. The change wasn't complete yet, he told me. It would take a couple more days. On the following Tuesday night he'd have a young, good-looking guy at the house for me, he promised, and I could have sex then, under Doc's supervision. Then he went down to the basement to do some more of his experimenting, and left me to fix my breakfast.

I'm eating my fried eggs in the kitchen, at the big wooden table in the middle of the room, when I hear a noise. It sounds like snoring, and it seems to be coming from the spare room down the little hallway that goes back from the kitchen. I think this is kind of odd, since Doc hasn't said there's anybody else in the house, so I go down the hall and push the door open just a crack. A rich, mellow, man-type smell comes out, and instantly my cock comes to life. Then I see him, lying on the bed, naked and un-

CONTINUED TO PAGE 64

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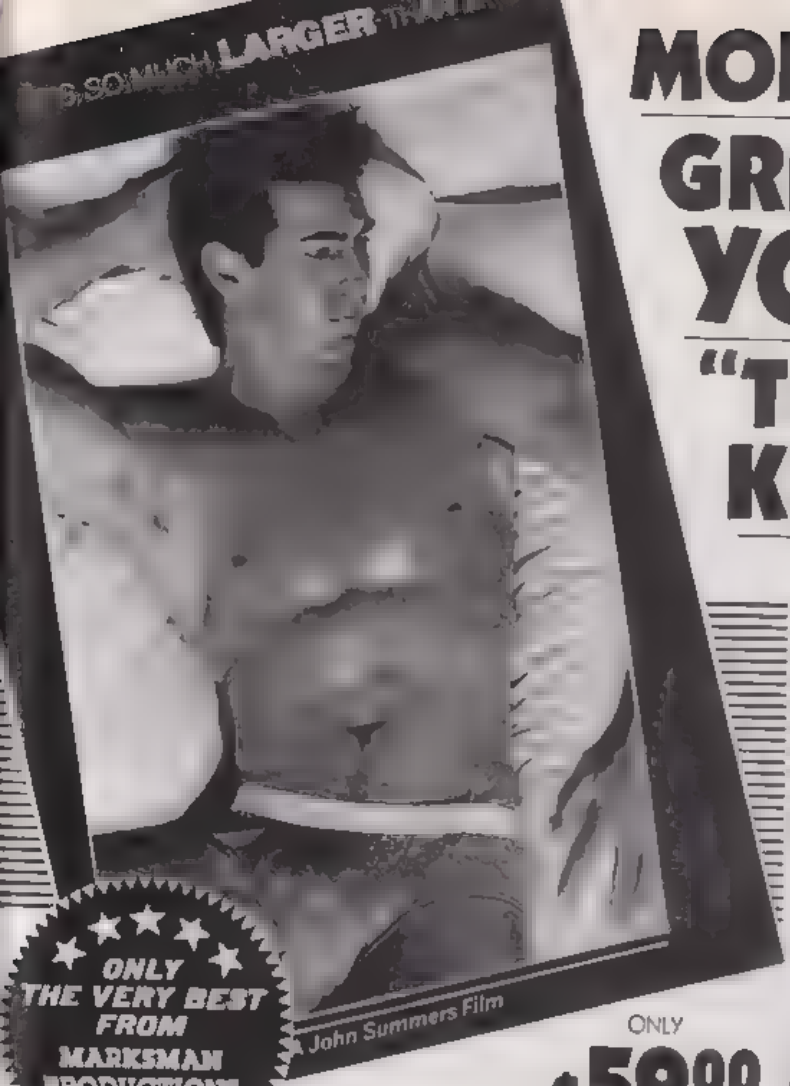

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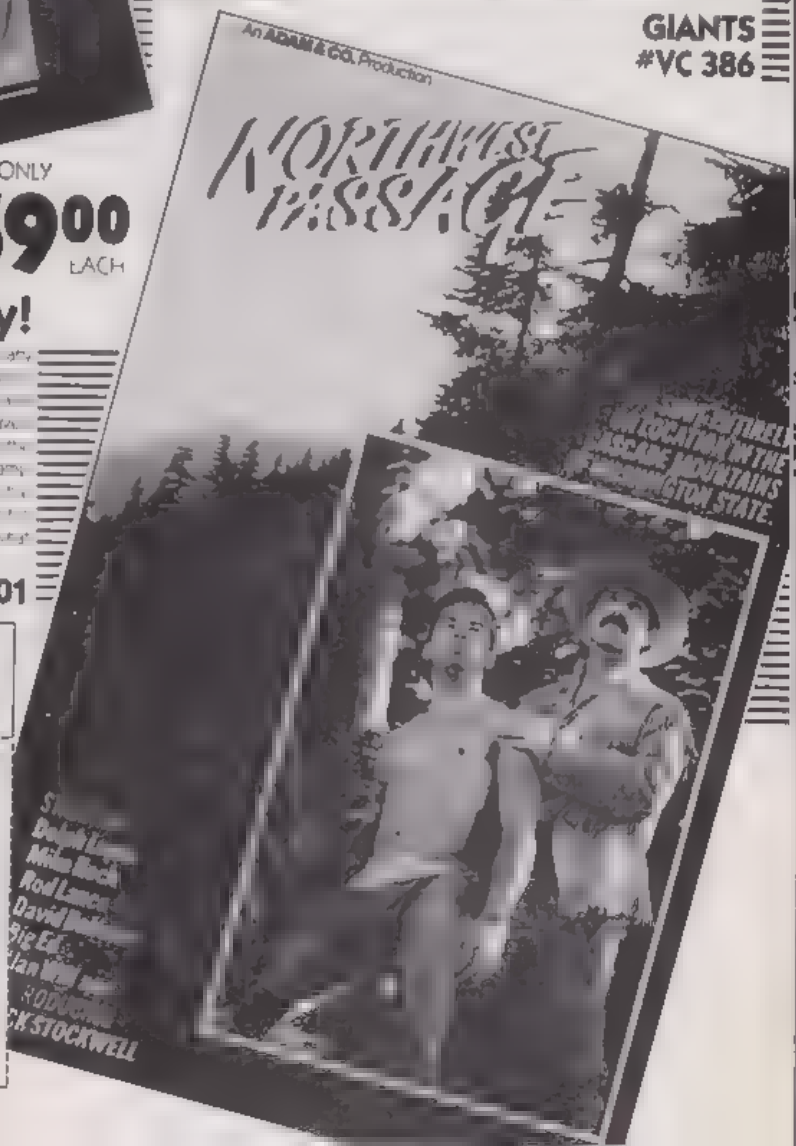

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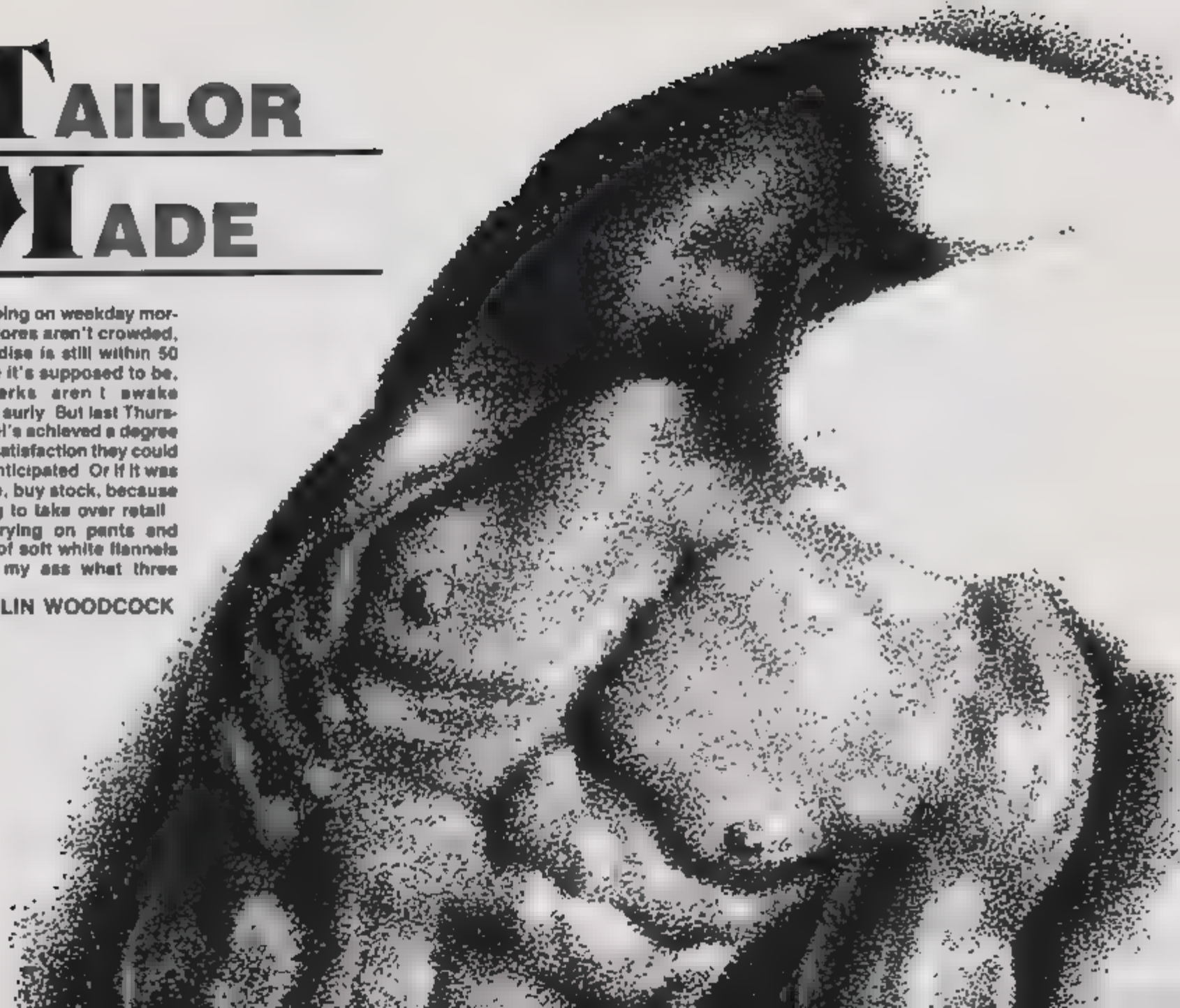
I'd been trying on pants and found a pair of soft white flannels that did for my ass what three

BY FRANKLIN WOODCOCK



years of squats hadn't been able to. Naturally I had to have them. My salesperson roused himself from his hangover, looked at the hems dragging inches behind me, and yawned

You'd like to see the tailor."

Please

He lifted a house phone. Avak on one Stupidly I asked, Is he good? Like I was going to get a straight answer

"I haven't had the pleasure But he has a certain decorative quality." The clerk pointed, "Just wait

ART BY ALEXANDER

in the second dressing room. He'll find you."

I went back into my little mirrored cell and sat down. The place was deserted. I heard a creeeaaaak as the door from the store opened and Avak came in. And I knew what the clerk meant about "the pleasure."

Have you ever watched the news and thought it might not be so bad to be a hostage as those Middle Eastern faces flashed by? Avak was a little taller than me, about 6 feet, with black hair that flashed blue even under the fluorescent light. He had glowing ivory skin, and thick brows over icy grey eyes. A large but perfectly straight nose led right to a bushy mustache that partially covered oddly delicate, curving lips. And a chin to make Superman chug Kryptonite.

He stopped at the door of my dressing room. I guess maybe I looked a little dumbfounded, because he asked, "You need help?" Little did he know.

"Yeah, could you take up the legs of these pants?"

"Sure." He smiled. "But you'll have to stand up so I can measure them." He came in and closed the door behind him.

"Right." As I stood up he put his hands on my back and guided me over in front of the mirror. He began to pull up on the waistband, adjusting, making sure they fit. I could feel him close behind me, the heat of his body, as his fingers gently smoothed the soft flannel over my ass and crept into the crack. He put one hand between my legs and pulled each of the hems up over my foot.

"Are these the shoes you will wear?" I was lost in the softness of his accent for a second, then figured it out. He knelt down.

"Yes." As I slipped on my shoes, he again ran his hands up and down each of my legs, pulling the fabric, checking the fit. And I began to feel a change in proportion right at the crotch. I couldn't believe it. My dick was starting to swell. But it was like the soft fluttering of his fingertips up and down my leg gave it a mind of its own. Putting his hands on my hips, he turned me around to face him. His nose just brushed the fly and even a blind man could have seen what was happening to my cock.

The top of his hair tickled the head of my prick as he looked down, turning the hems under, and I wondered why I couldn't have chose some material a little stiffer. Like armor.

Suddenly he glanced up and smiled. "I think it's a good fit." And then he pressed his face between my legs and exhaled a hot, damp breath right into my crotch. As I gasped, he rocked back on his heels, chuckling; his long fingers fumbled with my fly and pulled the zipper down. He reach in and squeezed. My dick popped through my jockeys like toothpaste out of the tube.

Avak blinded me with a flash of his perfect white teeth, then gently wrapped those beautiful lips around the head of my cock. The smooth, satiny suction worked over the glans and down the shaft as he enveloped the whole prick in his hot, wet mouth. I sighed and leaned back against the wall. My knees shook. As I threw my head back, I caught a glimpse of the electric surveillance lens, my pelvis and Avak's head reflected dead center.

Avak pulled his mouth slowly back off my dick, his tongue rolling along every inch. He sucked his lips off over the head with a little pop, smiled, and stood up, running his powerful hands over my ass and up my back.

"Uh," I croaked. My voice wasn't working. I pointed to the camera. He looked, then laughed.

"Too slow business. The camera not on until noon." He pulled me against his thick chest and nibbled on mylips, thrusting his tongue softly into my mouth. I clasped my arms around the broad 'v' of his back and pulled him against me.

All of a sudden he pressed his face against mine hard, jamming his tongue into my mouth as I pushed mine back into his. As we sucked tongue, we fumbled the buttons of our shirts open and pulled them off. His skin was baby-smooth with a frosting of black chest hair. He lightly brushed his hard pecs against my nipples, tickling them with the hair, as he unfastened my pants and shoved them down. My rock-hard dick sprang up between our bellies as he grabbed my ass and pumped.

I broke our kiss and held him away for a second, trying to catch my breath. His deep, dark eyes bored into mine as he opened his slacks and stepped out of them. I ran my hands up his hard, round biceps and across his chest, sliding over the thin layer of sweat on the silky skin, then bent over and took a nipple in my mouth. It

CONTINUED TO PAGE 75

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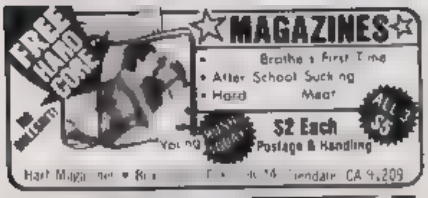

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County Fair

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

the trailers of the carny workers. There didn't seem to be anyone around the place. I figured that they were either working or staying under cover to avoid the heat. The sticky sugar was now mingling with my sweat and running down my legs into my shoes. What a mess! Looking down again I saw that the pink sugar was also all over the crotch of my running shorts and matted into the hair on my belly. This had not been one of Bill's greatest ideas. On top of everything else, all this walking was making my broken fingers throb painfully.

"Hey, you," a deep voice challenged, "what do you think you're doing?"

I spun around and struck my right hand on one of the carny trailers, the sudden pain shooting up my arm bringing tears to my eyes. When I was able to focus on the source of the voice, I saw a tall, sinewy man of about thirty with a wary look in his eyes. As he examined me more thoroughly, his suspicion turned to amusement. "Shit, man, you look like you got run down by the pastry wagon," he chuckled. "I think I need some help," I said glumly.

"You sure got that right. Come on over here." I crossed the sawdust to his trailer, and he stood aside, motioning me in. The trailer was cool and dark inside, a small air conditioner humming away in the background.

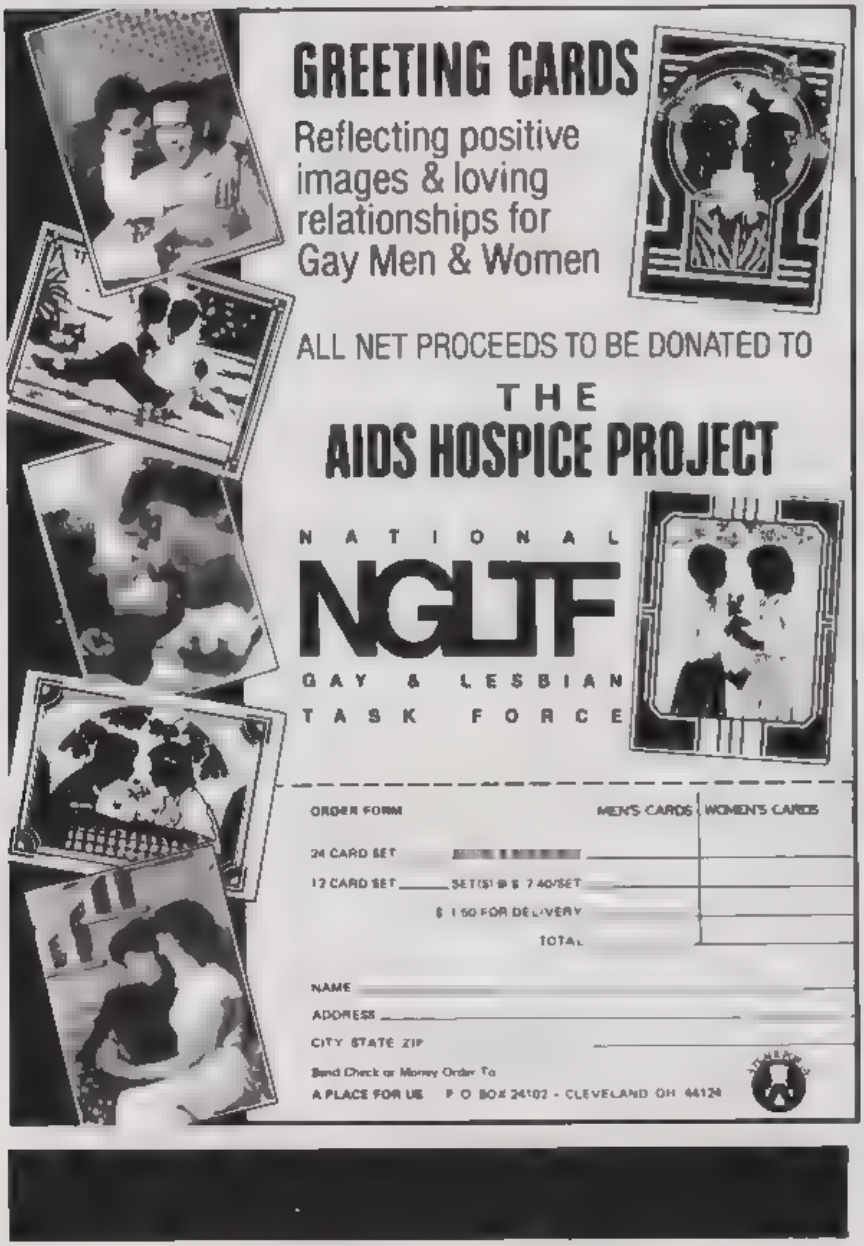
"Name's Joe," he said amiably, sticking out his hand to me.

"Jim," I replied, instinctively extending my own hand to shake.

"What the hell happened to you?" he asked, gently holding my hand. His hands were huge, easily enguifing mine, and I'm no runt. They were rough and calloused, but gentle and sensitive as he turned my hand over and looked at it. I explained about my accident while he looked over at me. His eyes were a soft brown color, warm and comforting, which helped to soften the angular planes of his face. My eyes dropped down over his body. His tight muscles were knotted under his deeply tanned skin. Working muscles here, not the cosmetic variety pumped out by a gym. From the size of the bulge stretching his tight, faded jeans, he was packing quite a rod. Just imagining it made my balls tighten in their sac.

"Want a beer?" he asked, releasing my hand and turning to the refrigerator.

"Sure thing," I said. I grasped the bottle clumsily between my bandaged hands and took a long pull. It tasted better than anything I could remember, cooling my dry throat and easing the throbbing in



my fingers. After a couple more swallows, I told him about my adventure at the livestock pavilion and explained my reason for wandering away from the midway.

"Tell you what, Jim," he said, rising and moving over to the sink, "come on over here and we'll get you cleaned up."

The kitchen was really no more than a hall between the small living area and the bedroom at the back of the trailer. I leaned against the sink, enjoying the coolness of the metal counter top against my bare legs.

"Looks like you better shuck those shorts," Joe said to me as he surveyed the damage. "They're candy-coated too."

Without waiting for me to reply, he slipped his thumbs into the waistband of my Nikes and peeled them down around my ankles. I stepped out of them, feeling somewhat strange with my ass hanging out of my jock strap, but they did need washing, so I made no protest. When Joe knelt down to retrieve my shorts, his cheek grazed the head of my dick. It felt real good, and the blood started surging into my rod, making the head swell and strain against the pouch of my jock. I turned around quickly to the sink and turned the faucet on. Jim tossed my sticky shorts into the sink, took a bar of soap from the counter and started lathering his hands.

Looking out of the small window above the sink, I saw that another trailer was parked right next to us. As my eyes adjusted to the dim light, I saw this guy, stark naked, kneeling on a sofa with his arms braced against the back. I couldn't see his face, but his body was tight and hard, his butt a stark white against the deep mahogany of his back and legs. Then I saw the head of his dick pressed up against his belly and figured he was spending his afternoon off playing with himself. It felt a little strange to be watching him like that, but then again, if he wanted privacy, he could have shut his blinds. "Nice legs," Joe said appreciatively from behind me.

"I run every night after work," I answered. Those hands of his sure felt great on my legs, moving up and down. I could even feel his breath on my ass as he knelt there behind me. My cock was starting to go crazy, what with those hands on my legs and the sight of the ass on the guy in the next trailer. It poked out hard in my jock, already starting to ooze with sticky juice. Hell, I hadn't been able to beat off since I broke my fingers, and I was horny as a goat.

I looked out the window again and saw that the guy across the way wasn't alone after all. Another man had walked up behind him and was rubbing his hands all over his ass, slipping them between his legs, pulling on his balls and rubbing up and down on his stiff cock. I could see the other guy from the waist to the knees. Judging from the size of the dick on him, he must have been the elephant trainer. Even still semi-soft and hanging down, it was huge. Big veins snaked up the sides from the head, and every time he stroked that white ass, it got a little bit bigger.

Joe's hands kept coming up higher and higher on my legs, till his thumbs were brushing against my balls. The man across the way now had a hard-on as stiff as mine and was rubbing it against the other guy's lower back, leaving a little slimy trail of pre-cum. I could see that he had slipped his middle finger into his friend's ass and was starting to wriggle it around. About this same time, Joe's thumb slipped into my asshole like a cork in a bottle. My ass clamped down hard and I couldn't help letting out a low groan.

"Does that hurt?" he asked, rubbing the ball of his thumb around the inside of my ass.

It didn't hurt at all, and I told him so. Between Joe and the show in the trailer next to us, I was hot as a firecracker on the Fourth of July. I could hear Joe unbuckling his belt and popping open the buttons of his jeans. His hot breath was now against my neck as he pressed his hard, wiry body against my back. He reached around and freed my dick from my jock with one hand and cupped my balls in the other. "Real nice, man," he whispered in my ear, his hard cock pressed up against my ass. It felt like it went about half way up to my shoulder blades. I wanted to reach around and stroke along its length, but my bandaged hands were out of commission. Besides, I sure didn't want to get any splinters in that thick, hard piece of meat that was working its way down my spine to my twitching asshole.

Joe pushed me forward over the sink till my face was pressed against the pane of glass. That white ass and big throbbing dick next door were only about twelve inches from my face. The guy who was standing spit onto his cock, readying himself to push into that smooth, flexing pair of asscheeks. He ran his slick hand up and down the entire length of his huge cock, cupping his palm over the fat red head, rubbing it till it swelled even bigger than before. Then he guided the head up to his friend's tight, puckered hole. The guy who was kneeling pushed back to meet the pressure, gobbling up that huge dick like a sex-starved sailor.

Just about the time the big cock next door disappeared up to the hilt, Joe pushed my legs apart and started his own assault. I could feel my asshole starting to stretch and give way before the pressure exerted by his huge cock. He kept pushing and pushing into me, and I kept bending further forward, trying to give him a clear shot at it. Christ, it felt enormous!

I started to groan a little, and Joe gave me a quick slap on the ass, popping his dick head into my butt like a plug. My dick bounced around wildly from the pressure on the old prostate. Joe was running his hands up my sides and over my sweaty chest, pulling and pinching on my tits, which made me start to squirm and wriggle. This loosened me up just enough for Joe to start sliding it in. Soon, my ass was sucking up dick just like my friend across the way. I could feel stiff pubes scratching against my butt as he drove it home. My whole gut felt stretched and full as that sweet prick throbbed and pulsed deep inside me. Then Joe started to pull out slow and easy, just like the guy in the trailer. Shit, man, it was like watching yourself get fucked in a mirror, only this was somebody

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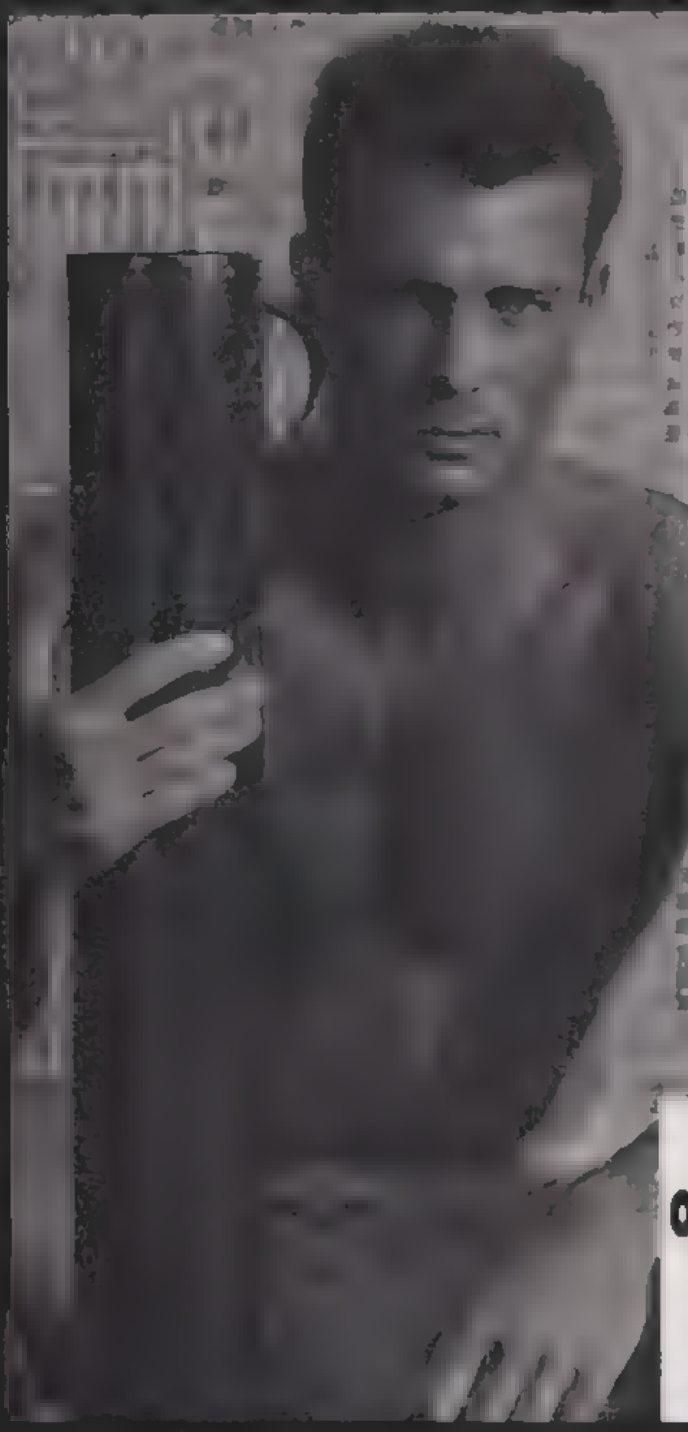

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else. My Joe and 'Old Elephant Dick' were totally in sync with their thrusting, moving in and out, poking out to the sides and stirring it around like they were trying to mix up some potion in our assholes.

By now, my balls were drawn up against my prick so tight they were about to disappear, and Joe started breathing heavily and pumped into me like a wild man. My dick couldn't take the pressure any more, and started swelling up to shoot. My long, swollen rod didn't even need any pump action to pop a load, and my hot, thick cum spurted heavily against the window.

Just then, from across the way, I saw these two grinning faces, one blonde, the other dark and Italian looking, watching me as I bulls-eyed the window again, then again. I was pretty embarrassed by the whole thing, but the old cock just kept bouncing up against my belly, getting off a couple more strong shots at the glass before slacking off. Joe was still behind me, pumping and panting, his sweat-slicked torso pressed hot against my back.

"That's Jake and Georgio," he chuckled hoarsely in my ear. "They're the star acrobats with the circus, just in case you haven't noticed yet. Looks like they like what they see here."

"Great," I muttered, not really caring what those two liked, just as long as Joe was wedged up my ass with that incredible schlong of his. I thought he was about to get off when I shot, but it seems he was just getting into his stride, because there were no signs from back there to indicate that he was ready to stop. If anything, it felt like his dick was getting thicker from the steady friction with my guts.

I thought I heard a click and footsteps, but Joe was keeping me too excited to really notice. Then all of a sudden, Joe moved back slightly, and I felt his prick slip out of my hole for a second. Right away though, the head popped in again, and I started taking in his entire length, inch by inch. Funny, his dick felt different this time. It was the same big fat head, but the shaft seemed to keep getting thicker as it plowed into me. Then, when he was in up to the hilt, I felt a thick mat of belly hair up against my lower back. The only problem was that Joe had a smooth belly with just a light sheen of hair over his pecs. What the hell is going on, I wondered as I opened my eyes and turned my head over my left shoulder. There, grinning in my face was the Italian from the trailer across the way! Joe was leaning against the wall, one hand on his dick, a beer in the other, smiling at me.

"Jim, this is Georgio," he said, by way of introduction. Georgio smiled at me, not missing a stroke. This was all pretty strange to me, but my ass still needed more attention, and my cock was still stiff against my belly, so I didn't complain.

Georgio pulled me away from the sink and a blond head slipped between my legs. "Hi, I'm Jake," the guy said, licking my prick greedily. His lips closed over the head of my meat and I decided to lean back and enjoy the hospitality. Joe stepped over to join them and started chewing on my nipples and pulling my balls.

Georgio fucked like a pile driver and before I knew it, I was shooting another load down Jake's throat. I could hear him slurping and swallowing as he tried to keep up with the flow of cum from my prick. The sight of the jism dribbling down Jake's chin onto his chest seemed to excite Georgio even more than before. He really started pumping like a son of a bitch, lifting me completely off the floor with the force of his thrusts.

Just when I was sure he had to shoot his load, he pulled out to make room for Joe, who had been hand-priming his pump while watching Jake and Georgio work me over. His hard dick slipped easily up my ass, in and out like a piston.

Georgio watched us for a minute or two, obviously not ready to stand back and let Joe hog all the action. He reached down and grabbed my ankles, pulling them up so I could lock my legs around his waist. I was now sandwiched between these two sweating, grunting studs, ready for anything. Joe's dick slipped out of me from behind, and Georgio jammed into me from the front. Then he slid back out to make way for Joe. Jake was kneeling under the three of us, playing dick director, and licking balls and cocks and my twitching hole.

Suddenly, the pressure on my asshole doubled as Joe pulled only part way out and Georgio's huge cockhead jammed insistently against my straining sphincter.

"Attaboy," said Jake from somewhere down under. "You can take it, guy. Just relax and get into it."

Somehow, those two were both wedging up into my burning gut, stretching me beyond any limits I had ever thought possible. Sweat was pouring off me, and my heart was pounding as this incredible pressure brought another thick load of cum churning up out of my aching balls. I could see the thick white strings of jism matting the hair on Georgio's thick chest. He bent his head forward and took my pulsing dick into his mouth, running his teeth gently along its length.

The friction of their two cocks jammed into my ass, coupled with my own squirming, finally brought both of them over the edge, and I could feel what seemed like rivers of cum shooting deep into my innards. They both bellowed like bulls as they emptied their heavy loads up my butt. After what seemed like ten minutes, they were both totally still. All I was aware of was their hearts pounding against my chest and back. Joe tongued my sweaty neck and Georgio gave me a final nip on the tit as he lowered my legs back to the floor and slipped out of my ass. Joe held me against him as his own spent dick slowly subsided. I could feel the cum start to trickle down my thighs, mixing with the sweat and the remnants of the cotton candy which hadn't ever gotten totally cleaned up before all these other unexpected events started to take over.

"Hell, Jim," Joe said, as he smeared sweat and cum over the matted hair on my belly, "you look worse off than you were before you came in here. I guess we better finish cleaning you up." ■

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Camp Out

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

Right now." He touched my erection, pressing it into his stomach.

"Sure—"

"Over there, under that tree. There must be a soft spot."

We groped in the dark until we found a halfway comfortable place. I reached out for his steaming body.

"Mark, please hurry. I need you. I need *it*!"

I spit on my dick and eased into his burning ass. My hands went round his slender waist and touched his throbbing tool. He twitched wildly, moving his butt back and forth, fucking like crazy.

"Fuck me, Mark, *fuck me!*" he groaned. I reamed deep inside him, pulled almost all the way out, and then plunged in again. "Fuck it! Fuck it!" he whispered. Our bodies blended perfectly and worked all too fast. The minute I felt his scalding cum spurting through my fingers triggered me off. I blew my wad, hot and heavy, pushing as far inside him as I could. He wiggled from side to side until I finished shooting.

"Whew!" I muttered.

"I love it when you're in me," he said.

We made our way back up the hill, stumbling and laughing every other step. I was glad he'd taken it all so well. It helped. I was still ticked off at Douglas and Neal.

We cleaned up and climbed into our bunk. We made love again, almost as passionately as before; then, the gentle sound of water gurgling over the rocks quickly put us to sleep.

When we emerged the following morning, Douglas and Neal were waiting. "We've decided to go back to Dallas," they announced.

"So soon?" Johnnie asked innocently.

"Well, this trip isn't turning out... like we expected," Douglas said.

"I'll call you next week and see what I can do to help you get re-situated," I told him.

You mean it? You really mean it?" he said, surprised. I nodded that I did.

"But I figured—"

"Call me."

I hugged Johnnie as we watched them drive away.

"I know a soft spot under a tree down near the river," I said.

"Why, Mark, you read my mind!"

"It wasn't all that hard to do," I said, grabbing his protruding crotch and pulling him to me. ■

Tailor Made

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60

tasted fantastic, salty but fresh, as I teased it with my teeth, nibbling and pulling. Avak took a deep breath and moaned. He pulled me up gently but firmly with a handful of hair and bent my head back. He kissed me on my nose, my lips, my eyes, across my forehead, then licked his way to my ear.

"I want to fuck your ass," he growled. "Please."

I tried to concentrate on Nancy Reagan to quell a spontaneous orgasm (don't ask me why but it works). Then I nodded.

"But let me lube your dick first." Avak nodded back.

I spun him around so his back was against the wall, and began at his collarbone. I bit at his skin, sucked up the sweat, ate his body hair as I worked my way down. I nosed into his damp armpit and rooted like a pig through the pungent, wiry wetness. I ate my way across his chest, his pulse pounding through his pec muscles. As I moved down his taut, rippled belly I ran my tongue over the ridges of muscle. My hands explored the small of his back and the firm, round melons of his beautifully-shaped butt.

When my chin bumped into something long and hard, I thought I'd better take a look. Thank, you, Lord.

His prick was just my size: a medium large, and Grade A choice. Straight as an arrow, a creamy white pole sticking out of a pitch-black bush. The ivory foreskin half-covered the pink head.

I slowly pulled back the foreskin as I twirled the tip of my tongue over that bulging rosy head, tasting the briny flavor of his precum. Avak groaned and shifted his weight as I got the whole thing into my mouth. Working up a lot of saliva, I very slowly pulled his prick into my mouth and down my throat. I could have stayed like that for a year or two, but I wasn't ready to end the festivities, so I gave it two or three more coats of spit, massaged his big, heavy balls for good measure, then rocked back on my heels.

He looked at me with an incredible expression, intense and tender, without being the least bit effeminate. Hauling me into a tight hug, he kissed me hard, then faced me to the wall, my bare ass towards him.

He murmured as he ran his hands over my back, grabbing my ass cheeks. I heard him spit, then felt his thick middle finger probe at my butthole. I shoved my rear toward him, hungry to get that perfect dick up my ass. He slipped

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his finger in and moved it around as I rocked back and forth. It was my turn to moan.

Avak pulled his finger out and steadied my hips with his hand.

Slowly, incredibly slowly, I felt the fat head of his prick push into my ass and slide smoothly up my butt. It was hot and hard; I couldn't think, I could only feel this incredibly handsome, dark-haired masculine stud beginning to pump his rock-hard dick up my ass.

He thrust slowly at first, grunting, sliding his hands around my body, up over my belly to play with my nipples. I grabbed my own dick and began to work it as he pulled one tit, then the other.

His fingers squeezed harder as his pumping got rougher. Growling deep in his throat, Avak planted his feet wide and really leaned into it, throwing his prick as hard and as far as he could up my wide-open butthole.

I rocked my ass back and forth as much as I could, anxious to get every fucking inch. A whole body of feeling was concentrated on my ass: the heat, the friction, the idea of that man's hard dick deep inside my gut. His belly and balls began to slap against my sweaty back and butt as he leaned over me, biting and kissing the back of my neck. I could feel his nipples hard against my shoulder blades. Avak started to slap my ass in rhythm with his thrusts.

I could feel his thighs locked against mine, his knees, his balls swinging under my butt, his tight belly. His red-hot prick busting up my goddamn shithole as he rocked from side to side, stretching it like it had never been stretched before.

He moved his mouth close to my ear. "I gotta cum." I don't know if he said it or our bodies were talking, but I got the message.

My fist flew up and down my own fat dick as my asshole burned with incredible pleasure. It felt so fantastic I didn't think I could stretch big enough to get it all. And then my prostate shifted into overdrive and my brain retired. Every muscle and nerve in my body was concentrated on getting the most out of that fantastic cock poking a black hole in my body.

Avak slammed my ass with two or three great thrusts and locked his muscular arms around me like a drowning man. "Yeah, baby, take it, take it." And I was swept under by the most intense wave of physical pleasure I had ever felt. My whole body convulsed, I went up on my toes and shot a hot load of cum that should have blasted through the wall while his burning hot prick jumped around inside me.

Still pumping together, we sagged to the floor, gasping for breath. He covered me with his body, twining his legs in mine, tying up my arms, his hot breath against my cheek. I could feel his softening dick still jerking in my ass. His chest stuck in the sweat of my back, our skin like silk on silk.

Then he said the words that will keep us happy together forever.

"For you, a discount."

And we laughed. ■

BIG AL

PHOTOGRAPHY BY NAAKKVE

Horsemeat

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 61

covered. He's a young guy, maybe nineteen or twenty, a little scrawny but nice-looking, sort of cute and kind of short, probably about five-five or so, though it was hard to tell with him lying down. But what had me staring was that his balls were the size of basketballs. No lie. Two hairy basketballs. And his cock was in proportion to his balls, not to his body. I just stood there looking and looking.

Hours later when Doc came back upstairs, looking tired, I asked him about the guy in the spare room.

"So you discovered Leo. He was my first try at giving the treatment to someone besides myself. My mistake was to give him the same dose. I didn't realize that the younger a man is, the better the formula works. Now I must find a way to reverse the process. And if I can't, well, I suppose I'll have to care for the poor thing for the rest of my life."

"Who is he?" I asked. "Does his family—"

"His name is Leo. No family to speak of. Like you and me. He was hitchhiking across the country when I met him. At the rest stop."

"He can't even walk with all that meat on him."

"I've made a sort of jock for him to wear, out of heavy netting, with a supporting rope that goes around his neck."

"That won't happen to me, will it?"

"No, you're as big as you're going to get."

For the next few days I don't do anything sexy at all, and on Tuesday night I'm in Doc's living room waiting for the guy he's hired from a "models club" in the nearest city—which wasn't very near. The guy would be arriving on a bus and then take a taxi out to the house. I knew all that had to cost a bundle, so I expected a pretty hot young hustler.

The doorbell rang about eight o'clock, and Doc lets in this movie-star-looking guy, all smooth, tan skin, super-handsome face, lots of dark, wavy hair, and a body the opposite of mine—muscular but kind of delicate, with narrow hips and a high-riding little butt on him. We all went into Doc's bedroom, and for once he had made the bed. Then he left, saying he'd be back in a little while. I told the hustler—he said his name was Ron—to strip, and he did. He was a real beauty, nice and hung too, though not like me, of course. I tore off my clothes, dived at him, and brought him down to the bed. Then I got up on all fours and put my stiff prick right at his face.

"Suck it," I said.

He went at it in a real enthusiastic way, after he got over his surprise at its size. All he could get in his mouth was the head, but he did a hell of a job on that, so I was feeling great.

Doc came in and sat on the edge of the bed. He was bare-ass naked and getting off from watching. I slid down the hustler's body and turned him face-down. I smoothed that pretty little behind with my hands—it was the most beautiful ass I'd ever seen—and there was Doc, lube on his fingers, so I let him grease up Ron's hole and my cock, and then, straddling the guy, I just sort of moved forward and sank my stiff meat into him, slow and steady. It took a while, but I got it in all the way.

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This made the hustler groan and spread wider, and I knew he was finding it maybe a little hard to take, but I'd never felt better in my life, with the hot grip of his hole tight around my cock all the way from head to root.

I made it last as long as I could, and all the while Doc was right beside us, watching everything, his big slab sticking out hard and shiny from between his legs.

Finally I can't stop myself from shooting. It's like I'm overcome by an attack, a fit of some kind, only I feel the most pleasure I've ever felt in my life. I try to make it last, but pretty soon all that's left is the grunting, so I pull out and lie back on the bed, totally wasted. In a few minutes I get up and stagger out to the bathroom, and when I come back Doc is on top of the hustler, wailing away. He takes his time like I did. He's older, which helps, but he really knows how to hold back. Ron is looking all sweaty and he's breathing hard. But there's a smile on his face.

At last Doc finishes up with him and flops off.

All of a sudden Ron lets out a yell of pure fright. I look back over my shoulder toward the bedroom door where he's looking. Leo's standing there, his balls filling this bag of hammock netting. There's a rope around his neck to hold them up. And Leo's holding his stiff cock in his arms. Huge as it looked to me before, now it's like the lower end of a flagpole.

Before we even know what's happening, the hustler has grabbed his clothes, and he runs naked past Leo and out the door.

Leo just stands there, looking disappointed. "I only wanted to watch and jack off," he says.

We immediately hear the big front door slam shut.

I look at the kid and I'm feeling horny again, so I say, "Hey, Leo, let me fuck your ass, huh?"

Leo smiles and lies down on the bed. Doc helps him get rid of the net thing and arranges his balls in a huge pile against his right hip. I put my legs over Leo's body, being careful and all, and after I get my cock into him and am feeling really fine having my second grade-A young butt for the day, I realize Leo is getting off in his own way, by kind of sliding up and down on his hard cock that's lying between his hard, flat torso and the mattress. It must have felt like lying flat on a fleshy fence post.

All the while Leo and I are doing it, Doc is going ape. He clearly can't decide whether he wants to watch us or lick all over Leo's huge balls, so he's trying desperately to do both.

Leo starts shooting, and his hole plays my cock like a flute. I get where I can't hold off any longer. Doc is jerking off as he eats Leo's balls, and he speeds up his hand to join us in going over the falls.

Incredible! I didn't know I had that much juice in me, especially for a second shot. The bedroom reeked of cum.

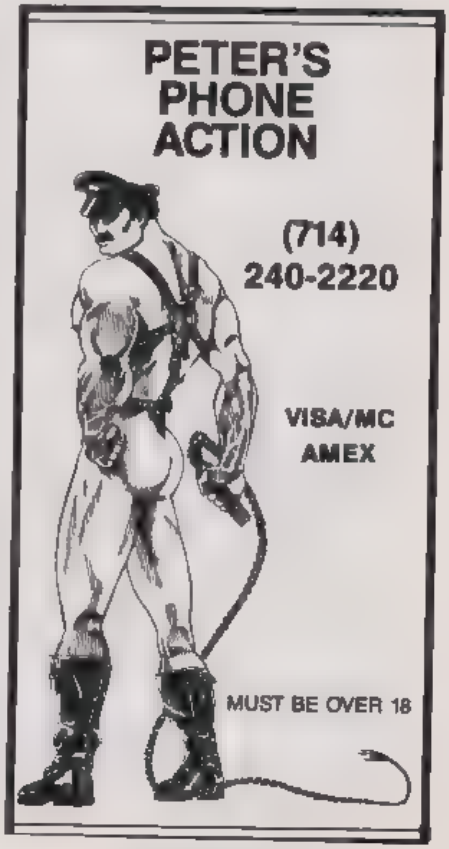
That night, for hours Doc and I made plans for the future. Like for a start moving to a big city to set up our business. But Doc didn't want to leave just yet. He said he was real close to figuring out a way to reverse the process, and in a few weeks or a month, when that was accomplished, then we'd leave Zanesville forever.

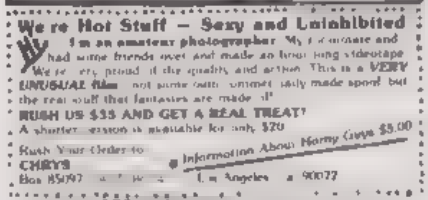
I was disappointed, but all things considered I could stand to wait a little while longer, now that leaving was a sure thing.

A couple days later, after work, I biked out to Doc's to visit, and I found the street was blocked off. The air stank, and where that big old house had been there was nothing but a huge black hole in the ground with little whirls of smoke coming out of it here and there.

The town cop asked me a few questions, but I didn't say anything much, and the next day he let me look through the ruins. Chances of a book or a paper with the formula on it were real slight, I knew, but I had to look. I might as well have been wading around in a coal bin. One of the firemen, friend of mine, told me they thought the house burned for a while, with the guys overcome by some kind of fumes, and then exploded.

The next morning I revved up the Harley and left that town forever. But now I didn't have anywhere to go or any plans for the future. All I owned in the world was on my back, in my saddle pack, and between my legs. 'Course that last part was a lot. And it opened a lot of doors. ■





Savage

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51

muscly (I got great pecs, you know), hairy from top to bottom, pretty rugged if I say so maself, plus the biggest, prettiest dick this side of the Rockies! Yep, don't nobody mess with me 'lessen they want to get roughed up, beat up, or fucked. Most of 'em' choose the fuckin', even the straight ones!

"How's it goin', dude?," I said. Goodness, the closer I got to him the more I wanted to put my big, hard hands around his soft, slender waist.

"I'm not a dude," he says to me. "I'm a man," he announced ever-so-proudly.

Well, I'm not used to that kinda talk, and I started to whoop him right then and there. But I decided you gotta make allowances when yur dick is as hard as mine was right then.

"Well, accept my apology, sir," I says real nice-like. "And just for my bein' so thoughtless, let me buy you a nice cool one."

"I already have a drink, thank you." he says. "Maybe you ought to think about slowing down for a little while."

That was twiced in one day I had been told by inferior people to stop ma drinkin.' Well, that weren't farin' too well with me, so I decided to take the bull ba the horns.

"Well," I says to him. "I'll make a deal with you. You come home with me and I'll stop drinkin'." I figgered that was gittin' to the point quick enough.

It took him a few seconds, but he finally says, "Okay, if that's what it takes to stop you from drinking too much."

Well, the social conscience of this kid overwhelmed me, but I think the ever-lengthenin' bulge in my pants he spotted might have had somethin' to do with his decision.

He led the way to the door, and the bulge in my crotch got even longer. He couldn't of been older than maybe 18 or 19, but that made it all the more excitin' for a 35-year-old, horny country boy like me.

His ass fit loosely in his royal blue, baggy, new-fangled pants—

like the ones you see in JC Penney catalogues an' all. His butt wiggled and bounced ever-so sexy and his shoulders swayed just enough, but not enough to look like no queen. His flowerdy shirt—all different-colored—was unbuttoned just enough to see a smooth, well-toned chest. I don't know how, but my dick managed to keep from rippin' my pants wide open. We got to the door and I took over.

"Just ride with me and I'll make sure you get back to yer car." He looked scared, but then he said it was okay.

We got into ma truck and before we could get out of the parkin' lot the little brat was tearin at ma breeches. Well, me bein' sa horny an'all—"a hard dick knows no conscience" ma Daddy used to always say—I decided not to stop him.

He unzipped my Levi's just enough to see the base of my monster. The damned thing was so damned long it was halfway to ma knees! We had to compromise and wait 'till we got to my house. He played with it through my breeches on the way. Fuckin' brat knew how to turn a man on. Hell, he stroked it, tickled it, beat it, squashed the head of it, stroked the inside of ma legs, and licked the hairs around my dick. That was best of all. I liked to have cum before we hit the driveway.

We got in the house and I wasted no time, ripping my jeans off, and practically tearin' the buttons off ma brand new red and black flannel work shirt. I decided to leave ma workboots on—thought it would add a touch of excitement.

Before I could get my watch and stuff off, he was undressed and waitin' in the bed. That weren't real romantic, but there ain't too much romance in plain ole fuckin', I thought.

I turned to get in the bed, the monster swingin' as I walked, and he look terrified.

"Is that thing real?" he said. Well, I figgered this was a city boy, and surely he could tell a real one from a fake one, so I didn't try to scare him too bad.

"All 10 inches of it, last time I checked. But don't you worry, I have a feelin' we'll work it in somehow." I don't think he got the

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pun, but then again, not many people ever got it.

I clammed in the bed and rolled the covers to the end of it. I didn't need no interference from no covers. I was gonna show this kid what a real man fuckin' him felt lack. "You may be intoxicated, but your cock doesn't seem to be affected by it," says the kid. I didn't know what "intoxicated" meant, but I knew what an 18-year-old, blond-haired, blue-eyed kid meant. That affected my cock. Yep, ole Mrs. Prince was in for a good time.

I layed the kid down flat on his back and got on top of him—all 250 pounds of me. He grunted a little bit, but I knew he could stand it. I mean, he obviously knew what he wanted.

I was just gittin' into lickin' his neck and shoulders real good when all of a sudden he jest grabbed me by the arms and threw my ass over the side of the bed. I don't mind tellin' ya that I was pretty surprised. But the more I thought about it, the madder I got.

"What the hell do you thank yer doin'?!" I asked not-so-nice-like. When I didn't hear no answer, I sat up on my haunches and looked over the top of the bed. God, never before have I seen a sight like it and I never want to see it again!

That boy was all crouched down like some tomcat fixin' to catch hisself a bird. I didn't know what to do. He jest glared at me and sorta snarled like a wild animal. By then, ol' Mr. 10 inches was gettin' a little on the soft side.

Before I could even tuck tail and run it was all over me screaming like a banshee! It was makin' "Whoop! Whoop!" sounds and grabbin' on to ma backside. I 'bout made it to the door when it gave some kinda war cry and slung me around and pushed me to the floor.

Well, while one part of me was wantin' to get the hell outta there—the part that wanted to live—the other part—the horny part—decided it was kinda stimulatin'. Why that ol' boy reached down and yanked my pecker up and down and started beatin' on my chest and hollerin' like he was gettin' whooped. He had a funny, almost wild look on his face and his dick was as hard as gittin' up on Sunday mornin'. I think he was even slobberin' at the mouth. I didn't know whether I was gonna git rabies or not, but I was willin' to take a chance.

In betwixt all the screamin' and beatin', my old pecker was gittin' real hard and hungry. His jerkin' on it done got it all hot and bothered. All of a sudden he jumped up off my legs and sat right on the ol' poker—no juice or nothin! He started moanin' like a whore on Saturday morning when it went past his hole and started slidin' all the way up inside 'im. When it had slid home, that kid just went to town! He started jumpin' up and down on it—letting it come out every stroke—and flingin' his arms all over the place and gruntin' real loud and wild.

I don't mind tellin' you that there was somethin' exciting about this little blond maniac. Before long, I could feel the pressure mountin' up in my pecker. Just the sight of his jumpin' on my dick was enough to make me pop. I started pumping my butt up to meet his jumping around and I closed my eyes. I have never cum like that in my life. He must of seen me scrunch up my face cause this time he jumped off ma dick and put his feet on my dick and I shot load after load of hot, juicy cum in the air, on my chest, and all over his feet. Then, after I couldn't do nothin' but breathe real hard, he jumped up, scraped some of the cum off me, put it on his long, skinny dick, and started beatin' off over me. While he was doin' this, he lifted his foot up and started smearin' the cum all over my face and neck and yellin' like a raped indian. When he finally did cum, I thought the neighbors would call the cops! He jumped down on his knees, straddled me, and shot his load all over ma face, neck, and chest. Thank goodness he stopped screaming.

After he stopped cumming, he stood up, grunted, and pranced over to the bed. He looked over at me—I was still too tarred to move—and smiled real strange-like. "You still think I'm a dude?" he says.

I jest laughed. ■

SIR
ROBERT

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